

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

LOUISVILLE, KY.: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1848.

WHOLE NUMBER 71.

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;
Published Weekly on Jefferson St., next door to the
Post Office.

PAUL SEYMOUR,
PUBLISHER.

Dr. Warland on Slavery.

We take the extracts below from Dr. Warland's letters to Dr. Fuller of South Carolina. They are worthy of attentive perusal, as indeed is the whole volume, for the admirable spirit in which an existing and difficult subject is discussed by Christian gentlemen.

Slavery, at the time of our Savior and the Apostles, was a social evil. It was established by law. The whole community enforced the law on every individual. The master could only manumit such a portion of his slaves as the law permitted. He could go to no other country and there set them free, for the whole civilized world was under the same dominion. If he set them free, he was liable to be taken and reduced again to a worse bondage than that from which he had delivered them. Hence it was manifest that the system could only be abolished by a change in the public mind by inculcating those principles which would show the whole community that it was wrong, and induce them, from a general conviction of its moral evil, to abandon it.

I can also perceive other practical benefits of great importance which would necessarily attend this method of abolishing slavery. To free the colored race from the yoke of slavery, and to liberate him, absolutely and immediately, while he was ignorant of the principles on which the precept was founded, and wholly unacquainted with these principles, would have led to a universal social war. The masters would not have obeyed the precept, the slaves would have risen in rebellion. This attempt had been frequently made before, and there is no reason to suppose that the same result would not have taken place again. Myriads of unarmed and ignorant slaves could never have stood the shock of the Roman legions, commanded by able generals, and supported by the wealth of the empire. Hence, to have adopted the method of abolishing slavery by precept, would have defeated the great object in view, and rendered the condition of the slave worse than before. Such, in all cases, except in insular situations, has been the result of servile insurrections.

The result of the abolition of slavery by the inculcation of the principles of the Gospel would be the reverse of all this. By teaching the master his own accountability, by instilling into his mind the mild and humanizing truths of Christianity; by showing him the folly of sensuality and luxury, and the happiness derived from industry, frugality, and benevolence, it would prepare him of his own accord to liberate his slave, and to use all his influence towards the abolition of those laws by which slavery was sustained. By teaching the slave his value and his responsibility as a man, and subjecting to passions and appetites to the laws of Christianity, and thus raising him to his true rank as an intellectual and moral being, it would prepare him for the freedom to which he was entitled, and render the liberty which it conferred a blessing to him as well as to the State of which he now, for the first time, formed a part.

Such was, in fact, the result of the promulgation of Christianity upon the Roman Empire. As the gospel spread from city to city, and began to exert an influence upon the public mind, the laws respecting slavery were gradually relaxed, and every change in legislation was, in this respect, a change for the better. And, by the admission of all, this abolition was purely the result of the teachings of the gospel. And still more, it was accelerated by the noble example of the Christian Church. To liberate their fellow-men from servitude was, very early in the history of Christianity, deemed to be one of the most urgent duties of the disciples of Christ. Clement, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, remarks: "We have known many ourselves who have delivered themselves into bonds and slavery that they might restore others to their liberty." Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, expended his whole estate, and then sold himself, in order to accomplish the same object. Cyprian sent to the Bishop of Numidia 2,500 crowns, in order to redeem some captives. Socrates, the historian, says that after the Romans had taken 7,000 Persian captives, Acacius, Bishop of Amida, melted down the gold and silver plate of his church with which he redeemed the captives. Ambrose, of Milan, did the same in respect to the furniture of his church. It was the only case in which the imperial constitutions allowed plate to be sold. These facts sufficiently illustrate the manner in which the early church interpreted the teaching of the gospel respecting slavery, and also the effect which this teaching had upon their practice.

And thus we see that the very reason why this mode of teaching was adopted, was to accomplish the universal abolition of slavery. A precept could not have done this, for, in the changing condition of human society, the means would have been easily devised for eluding it. But by teaching the truth, the very truths in which Christianity resided, utterly and absolutely opposed to slavery, truths founded in the essential moral relations of creatures to their Creator, it was rendered certain that wherever Christianity was understood and obeyed, this institution must cease to exist. Thus the principles of the gospel have once abolished slavery from the face of the earth. They have almost done it for the second time. May we not hope that the work will be speedily accomplished, and accomplished forever.

But it will be said, the abolition of slavery will ruin the Southern States. Should it be so, as you have well remarked, it is wrong; it ought to be abandoned. But I cannot see how this is to happen. The soil will neither become diminished in quantity, nor inferior in fertility. The number of laborers will be the same. The only difference that I can perceive would be, that the laborer would then work in conformity

with the conditions which God has appointed, whereas he now works at variance with them; in the one case we should be attempting to accumulate property under the blessing of God, whereas now we are attempting to do it under his special and peculiar malediction. How can we expect to prosper, when there is not, as Mr. Jefferson remarks, "an attribute of the Almighty that can be appealed to in our favor?" I would gladly discuss this subject as a question in Political Economy; but this is not the place for it, and I must with these few remarks pass it by.

But it may be said, what can we do?—Men of all classes are so excited on this subject, that they will not allow us to utter a word in opposition to slavery. To do this would be to destroy our influence, endanger our property, ruin our reputation, and it may be, our lives. You, my dear brother, would not make this objection, but you know it would be made. I fear that the objection is well-founded. It is in accordance with the general law, that those who enslave the bodies of others, become in turn the slaves of their own passions. But what if it be so? Are we in such a case to listen to the teachings of a craven and wicked expediency? If this be a sin against God, ought we to hesitate to testify against it, because our fellow-men will persecute us? Ought we not rather to adopt the language of the Hebrews, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us, and he will deliver us out of any hand, O King; but if not, be it known unto thee we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." I do believe that even now it is the duty of every Christian in the slaveholding States to bear his testimony against this enormous wrong, and at once to free himself from the guilt of participation in it. I fear that those who first set this glorious example would suffer persecution. Their names would be cast out as evil. They would be branded with every epithet of reproach. But they would be suffering to rescue millions of men from aggravated oppression, and to deliver their country from a sin that must bring upon it the selected judgments of a God that loveth justice. They would not, however, long suffer alone. Thousands of slaveholders who now groan under the weight of this infiction, and are praying for deliverance from it, would soon enlist under their standard. The church universal, would without ceasing supplicate the throne of grace in their behalf. Every attribute of the Most High would be put forth to ensure their success. He that ever liveth to intercede for us would offer up their prayers with much increase, and would strengthen their hearts by infusing into them a double portion of his spirit. God himself will undertake for them, and they will assuredly triumph, and the glory of a more resplendent moral victory than has been achieved since the day when I ascended upon an high and led captivity captive, will encircle the diadem of the Redeemer.

In the remarks which I have made, you will perceive that I have offered no suggestion as to the manner in which emancipation, whenever it occurs, should be conducted. This is altogether a practical question, and requires for its solution not only genuine and disinterested philanthropy, but also great practical wisdom, large observation of the effects of social changes, and an intimate acquaintance with the habits, manners, and states of feeling of the South. To these I make no pretension, as I have no skill in managing affairs, and have never visited the Southern States. There is, however, knowledge of this kind in abundance with you. To your statesmen, and philanthropists, and Christians, I willingly leave it, in the full confidence that it can be done, done safely, and done to the inconceivable advantage of all parties concerned.

Former Level of Lake Superior.

In the discussions of the late Scientific Convention at Philadelphia, Prof. Agassiz gave an account of the terraces and ancient river bars, drift boulders and polished surfaces of Lake Superior. It was his belief that two separate causes had produced these appearances upon Lake Superior. There were evidences of the action of water, but there was another phenomenon, for which he claimed some evidence, viz: the terraces around the lake, he believed, indicated the shores of former water basins, showing different levels of the lake; some of these being at its present margin, others at various higher levels, giving evidence of former higher stages of water. Hence there was no doubt that the relative level between dry land and water had changed to the amount now existing between the highest terrace and the margin of the lake, which is some 300 feet. The Professor thought that these shores gave evidence of paroxysms of nature.

Thus it was a serious question whether these changes were the result of a subsidence of the water, or an upheaval of the land. Facts have been adduced to show that the water has sunk, but the Professor inclined to the belief that the land has been upheaved by a paroxysm of nature. It would be difficult, he thought, to account for these changes in the level of the water to a distance of 300 feet, if there had been no change in the formation of the land. If the water had had a free outlet always as now, at the Sault Ste. Marie, he did not see how it was possible that the water should have risen so high as the highest of these beach-marks. Hence he leaned to the geological theory of the upheaval of the land.

Dr. Leconte, at the conclusion of the Professor's remarks, resisted the supposition that Lake Superior had ever risen to the height of three hundred feet. He thought the original outlet of the lake must have been through the narrow valley of Green Bay, and it was perfectly obvious that all the region below must have been filled up. He went on to illustrate the great size of the river Sault Ste. Marie in former periods, and the immense body of water contained in Lake Superior itself. Mr. Redfield, Prof. Hall and others, also discussed the point at issue. Prof. Hall said that there was evidence that the valley of the River St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain, &c., were, at a comparatively recent period, completely covered with ocean water, subsequent to the drift.

A saying of Madame de Staël is now quoted, as applicable to the French. "They never know when to stop; they go through liberty, ('traversent la liberté')."—*Bell.*

The Cholera—A Prescription.

Although this dreaded scourge is abating in some of the Asiatic and European districts that have been desolated by it, its ravages are continued in others with the fiercest violence, and its westward march is still unimpeded. In France, and in Great Britain, another visit from it seems to be avoided upon as among things hardly to be avoided, and should it reach either Paris or Havre, London or Liverpool, the people of the United States must prepare for its reception here. The strong probability of its appearance, at no distant day, in England and the United States, has directed much attention recently to the symptoms, nature, and treatment of the disease, and books and magazine essays are again multiplying with reference to it.

Among the most interesting articles, extracts from which have met our eyes in the Eastern papers, seem to be an elaborate series of papers, recently laid before the London Board of Health, which prescribe an alleged infallible remedy for the disease. This remedy was communicated for publication by a distinguished British officer, long resident in India. He writes as follows, in a portion of his introduction:—"When the cholera broke out in Bengal in 1817, it did not till after some time, strike me that it was the same disease of which I had read, and the faith I had in oriental medicine did not shake my confidence in the remedies prescribed by our own medical men. But I was at length undeceived; and after long experience became impressed with the conviction that no remedy had been discovered worthy of reliance, having tried everything that had been favorably spoken of, not always, indeed, without success, but in the main with signal failure, so much so, that when a case was brought to me, my experience justified no hope, but, on the contrary, complete despair."

Meeting with the remedy prescribed by the Arabian Doctors, he used it with the most signal success, even in the most aggravated and desperate cases. This remedy is very simple in its ingredients, and easily obtainable in any European or American city. It consists of *asafoetida*, *opium*, and *black pepper*, pulverized. The mode of administering it is described as follows:

"The dose for an adult is from a grain and a half to two grains of each, made into a pill. This according as the ingredients are pure or otherwise; if pure 1-1/2 grs. will suffice."

"The medicine should be made into pills of one dose each, and kept for use in a vial well closed, as it is of great importance to check the disease the instant of its attack."

"The best mode of administering the pill is not by swallowing it whole, lest it be rejected in that state, but by chewing it and swallowing it with the moisture of the mouth; and a very little brandy and water to wash it down. The next best way of administering the medicine is by bruising the pill in a spoonful of brandy and water, and then swallowing it."

"Much liquid must not be given; but to relieve the thirst which is great, brandy and water by spoonfuls, occasionally, is the best mode."

"The dose should be repeated every half or three-quarters of an hour according to the urgency of the symptoms until they have been subdued. From three to five doses have generally been sufficient for this, although as many as eight have been given before health has been restored in bad cases."

"Should great prostration of strength prevail, with spasms or without spasms, after the other symptoms (vomiting, purging, &c.) have been subdued, the medicine must not be wholly left off but given in half or quarter doses so as to keep up the strength, and restore the pulse."

"Friction with stimulating liniment of some kind, ought to be applied carefully to the stomach, abdomen, legs, and arms; and when pain in the stomach has been severe, and there was reason to fear congestion of the liver, eight or ten grains of calomel have been given with good effect."

"In cases of collapse and great prostration of strength, application of the tourniquet to the arms and legs has been recommended, in order, as it were, to husband the vital power by limiting the extent of the circulation. This may be tried, using a ligature of tape or other substance, if the tourniquet be not available."

"The favorable symptoms of recovery are restoration of the pulse, returning warmth of the body, and sleep; and after being refreshed by sleep, the recovery being complete, a dose of castor oil may be given."

This is cure, and we should think for sundry reasons very probable cure. Prevention, however, is better than cure; and as cleanliness is universally admitted to be a leading agency of this, ordinary wisdom enjoins upon citizens a renovation of their cellars, out-houses, &c., and upon public bodies much more attention to the cleansing of streets, alleys, gutters, &c., than has at any recent period been given to those of Cincinnati.—*Cin. Gazette.*

The Mother's Whim.

A certain lady had a child which she never allowed to be contradicted for fear it would make him sick. Relatives, friends, and even her husband told her she would spoil the child, but all was of no avail. One day she heard him screaming with anger in the garden. At the moment she ran, and ascertained the cause to be that the servant had refused to give him something he wanted. "You impudent creature," said the mother to the servant, "not to give the child what he wants." "By my troth," said the girl, "he may cry till morning, and he'll not get it." Enraged beyond bounds at the reply, the lady ran for her husband to chastise the saucy servant. The husband, who was as weak as his wife, cried out to the servant, "you insolent creature, do you have the impudence to disobey your mistress?" "It is true, sir, I did not obey her. The child has been crying for the moon, which he sees reflected in the fountain. I could not give it to him, though commanded by the mistress. PERHAPS SHE CAN DO IT." A general laugh ensued, in which the lady despite her anger, joined. It was a good lesson for her.

The "New States."

The following table will show the time when the "New States," or those not included in the "Old Thirteen," were admitted into the Union:

Vermont originally was a part of New York, and was admitted into the Union June 1, 1791.

Kentucky, formerly a part of Virginia, admitted into the Union June 20, 1792.

Tennessee, formed of territory ceded to the United States by the State of North Carolina, admitted into the Union June 1, 1796.

Ohio, formed out of part of the territory northwest of the river Ohio, admitted into the Union November 23, 1802.

Louisiana, formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by France, received into the Union April 30, 1803.

Indiana, formed out of part of the Northwest Territory ceded to the United States by Virginia, admitted into the Union December 11, 1800.

Mississippi, formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by the State of South Carolina, admitted into the Union December 10, 1817.

Illinois, formed out of a part of the northwestern territory; admitted into the Union December 3, 1818.

Alabama, formed out of a part of the territory ceded to the United States by South Carolina and Georgia; admitted into the Union December 15, 1819.

Maine, formed out of a part of Massachusetts; admitted into the Union March 3, 1820.

Missouri, formed out of a part of the territory ceded by France by treaty of April 30, 1803; admitted into the Union August 10, 1820; after the adoption of the noted compromise line excluding slavery from all territory north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, west of the Mississippi, saving States or territories already formed.

Arkansas formed part of the same territory; admitted June 15, 1836.

Michigan formed part of the territory ceded to the United States by Virginia; admitted into the Union January 26, 1837.

Florida, formed out of the territory ceded by Spain to the United States by treaty of February 22, 1819; admitted into the Union March 3, 1845.

Texas, an independent republic; admitted into the United States by a joint resolution of Congress, approved March 28, 1845.

Iowa, admitted into the Union, December 28, 1846.

Wisconsin, an act was passed on the 3d of March, 1847, to admit this Territory into the Union upon the constitution passed December 16, 1846. This constitution was rejected; but the people having subsequently agreed upon a constitution, the State was admitted into the Union by act of Congress of 20th May, 1848.

TERRITORIES.—Nebraska.—Bill reported to fix boundaries January 7, 1845; but no action on the subject.

Oregon.—Bill to establish a Territorial government passed House of Representatives January 16, during that session. In 1848 a bill passed both Houses of Congress, and was approved by the President on the 14th August, establishing a Territorial government.

Minnesota.—Bill to establish a Territorial government passed the House February 17, 1847; referred to Judiciary Committee in the Senate. No further action on the subject.

Thimbles.

The manufacture of many articles of daily use is the result of a series of labors that would surprise a person who had never given a thought to it. And very few imagine the amount of actual work expended on such articles. If a lady could see the process through which her thimble passed, from the solid bar of silver to the convenient instrument she uses, she would be astonished. The bar of silver is welded into a long ribbon, which is cut into small pieces, each piece to make the barrel of the thimble. The top is cut out of another strip of iron or silver. The rim is hammered around a bar of iron and soldered, and after the top is soldered in, and the whole thimble is placed on a turning lathe and chiseled outside and inside; it is then marked with the needle holes, by a little roller pressed against it, and finely polished and ornamented by various instruments. We have omitted several of the processes through which it passes. Altogether they cannot be less than twenty, and after all the thimble is sold at a very small advance on the weight of the silver.—*Jour. of Com.*

New Constitution of Switzerland.

The Diet of Switzerland assembled at Berne on the 3d ult. for the purpose of declaring the acceptance of the new Federal Constitution. This Constitution was adopted by the vote of 15 1/2 cantons, containing an aggregate population of 1,800,517 souls, against 5 1/2 cantons, containing a population of 178,856, which voted against it. The canton of Tessin, with a population of 113,923 souls, has given no vote on the question.

The new Council will consist of 111 members, distributed as follows: Berne, 20; Zurich, 12; Lucerne, 6; Uri, 1; Schwyz, 2; Upper and Lower Valais, Glarus, and Zug, 1 each; Basle city, 1, canton, 2; Fribourg, 3; Soleure, 3; Schaffhausen, 2; Appenzel A.; Thurgau and Valais, 4 each; Tessin, 6; Neuchâtel and GENEVA, 3 each; Argau and Vaud, 9 each.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Chicago Enterprise—Railroads and Plank Roads.

The people of Chicago talk some about improvements and act efficiently. For instance, last spring they resolved to build a Plank Road across the flat, wet prairie, to Doty's, ten miles. The road has been built of plank 8 feet in length and 3 inches in thickness, and the receipts of the road now amount on an average to \$30 per day, yielding in one year \$13,950, or nearly 85 per cent. upon the first cost. On an average 125 teams per day travel on the road. The Democrats say the stockholders intend to lay another track as soon as possible.

The Galena and Chicago Railroad has been graded thirty miles, the rails have been laid a few miles, and the work is going ahead expeditiously.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Sunday Liquor Traffic.

Last evening, Rev. Mr. Marsh, of the American Temperance Union, delivered a discourse in the Brainerd Presbyterian Church, Rivington st., on the extent and evils of the Sunday Liquor Traffic in this city. He communicated a great amount of information relative to the peculiar evils of this traffic and its connection with all the other great moral evils of the city. His estimate, gathered from gentlemen connected with the Police was that not less than 6,000 places are open in this city on Sunday, where intoxicating liquors are sold contrary to law, and Sunday is claimed by many of the porter-houses and beer-shops as their best day. The remedies he pointed out are, more feeling in the Christian community in lieu of the deep apathy which now prevails; kind personal effort with the vendors themselves in every town and neighborhood; the creation of a strong sentiment against the traffic and all which upholds it, as renting buildings for it, &c. through the pulpit and the press, and a strict enforcement of existing laws against all violators. Mr. M. stated that the sanction of the law, a penalty of \$2 50 for selling liquor on Sunday to any person except lodgers and actual travelers, was a mere nullity. No vendor would regard it a moment. It was formerly \$10. In Maryland it is \$100 for the first offence, and a deprivation of license for the second. He had just learned that the Grand Jury of Baltimore had found bills against 100 taverners for violation of the law. The impression made by the discourse was highly favorable, and it is hoped that it will be repeated in other churches.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Insurance Case.

An interesting case of insurance was recently decided by the committee of appeals of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. Capt. Belt, of the steamer Planter, left St. Louis with a freight list of \$2,000, upon which he insured \$1,500 in the Louisville Mutual Insurance Company. Shortly after starting, a leak was discovered, without the occurrence of any accident, and upon examination the leak was found to have been caused by the starting of several bolts and the removal of the caulking. A considerable part of the cargo was discharged in good condition at a neighboring landing, and the boat returned to St. Louis for repairs with the rest in a perishing condition. The captain abandoned the voyage, and claimed the \$1,500 insured on the freight. He said the boat after being repaired should have proceeded on her voyage with the undamaged part of the cargo, and that she could only recover for that portion of the goods lost.

Distance from the U. States to England.

The frequent contradictions as to the distances sailed by the Atlantic steamers has led us (says the Philadelphia Courier,) to the compilation of the following table for references, now and hereafter:

By Mercator's sailing.

Boston dock to Liverpool dock, 2883 miles.
Hattery, N. Y. to Liverpool dock, 3684 do
Boston dock to Southampton dock, 2882 do
Hattery, N. Y. to Southampton dock, 3156 do

By Mercator and Great Circle.

Boston dock to Liverpool dock, 2849 do
Hattery, N. Y. to Liverpool dock, 3623 do
Boston dock to Southampton dock, 2840 do
Hattery, N. Y. to Southampton dock, 3087 do

Large Sale of Land.

On Tuesday, the 3d inst., 49,000 acres of land in Illinois and Wisconsin, belonging to the United States Bank, were offered and all sold at public sale, in this city, by order of the Trustees, under the assignment of May 1st, 1841. The sale was well attended, and the bidding spirit—A large number of strangers being present.—The sale realized \$78,000, and the land averaged \$1 60 per acre. Messrs. M. Thomas & Son, Auctioneers.—*Phil. Price Current.*

English vs. American Girls.

The English girl spends more than one-half of her waking hours in physical amusements which tend to develop and invigorate and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows, upon the water, runs, dances, plays, sings, and jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurds the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock—and all this, without having it forever pressed on her mind that she is thereby wasting her time.

She does this every day, until it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a necessary consequence, is larger, her muscular system better developed, her nervous system in better subordination, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier. She may not know as much at the age of seventeen as does the American girl; as a general thing, she does not; but the growth of her intellect has been stimulated by no hot-house culture, and though maturity comes later it will last proportionately longer. Eight hours each day of mental application, for girls between ten and nineteen years, or ten hours each day, as is sometimes required at school, with two hours for meals, one for religious duties, the remainder for physical exercises, are enough to break down the strongest constitution.

The celebrated Chindos Portrait of Shakespeare.

The celebrated Chindos Portrait of Shakespeare, which was bought for the Earl of Ellesmere, for 355 guineas is thus described:

"The celebrated Chindos Portrait of Shakespeare. This renowned portrait is said to be the work of Barbagio, the first actor of Richard III. who is known to have handled the pencil. It then became the property of Joseph Taylor, the poet's Hamlet, who, dying about the year 1658, left it by will to Sir William D'Avenant. At the death of Sir William, in 1653, it was bought by Robert Keek, of the Inner Temple, gave Mr. Barry, the actress, forty guineas for it. From Mr. Keek it passed to Mr. Nicoll, of Minchenhouse House, Southgate, whose only daughter and heiress, Margaret, married James Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, from whom it descended in right of his wife, Anne Eliza, the late Duchess to the present Duke of Buckingham and Chandos."

Notwithstanding these details, the learned in such matters are divided in their opinions as to the authenticity of the portrait.

If you can be well without health, you can be happy without virtue.—*Burke.*

Liberia.

Governor Russworn of the Maryland settlement in Liberia, has lately arrived at Baltimore, and he reports a very encouraging fact, which is, that six kings of various tribes to the leeward, owning territory along the coast for fully 100 miles in length, and extending a considerable distance into the interior, had, after repeated and earnest solicitations to purchase, but always refused on account of the limited means at his disposal for such an object, actually met, united together and made a formal cession, without fee or reward, of their entire land and the privileges thereof to the same forever, (binding themselves, as is usual in all similar treaties to abstain from participating, directly or indirectly, in the slave trade under penalty of death,) so that they might be under the jurisdiction and protection of the laws and customs of the Colony. Previous to this a French vessel of war had visited them in order to enter into a treaty of commerce, promising them the friendship and high consideration of the (then) kingdom of France, but to no effect; they could not be induced to enter into the proposed foreign alliance.

Another example was that of Ballasada, king of the Goula people, a tribe of about 50,000 strong, situated 150 miles up the Saint Paul's river. These people had left their own towns and moved down the river in close proximity to the American settlements, so that they might be under the healthy influence of the Republic of Liberia, and secure from the wars of the neighboring tribes—made often upon each other in order to procure victims to supply the demands of the accursed traffic in flesh and blood.

Again, so anxious were the natives for missionaries, Sabbath and public day school teachers, that several kings and princes had sent to the colony repeatedly, for, as they call them, "God-man and book-man," to come among them and teach their people, that they might become "white men same like you." One of these kings had so far manifested his requests to be sincere that he had built, at his own expense, a large and comfortable church and school house, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the long looked for "America man."

Artificial Ice.

An invention for generating ice by artificial means has just been discovered in London. The ice is produced by means of a powder composed of salts, ammonia, and various chemical mixtures. This powder is placed in a simple apparatus, something in the shape of a churn, but small in size, and being mixed with water, is kept in motion by a rotary process around the vessel of water or wine to be cooled. In a few minutes and at a very trifling expense, the water or wine is sufficiently cooled, and if kept a few minutes longer in the vessel would be actually frozen. The most inexperienced in chemical experiments can produce the required results, which in fact require nothing but the labor of the hand for a few minutes. At sea, and in climates where ice is a costly luxury, we should think this invention an invaluable one.

New Seed.

There is a religious society in Chicago, who have no priest or deacon. Any one speaks that pleases, and utters such doctrines as come uppermost.

Vineyard.

The revolutionary movements in Europe within the last year have produced some extraordinary mutations, the remarkable character of which, is occasionally forced upon the notice. At the recent prorogation of the British Parliament there were individuals present, as spectators, whose appearance at such a place, one year ago, would have caused extreme surprise.

In the same gallery with Guizot and two of the sons of Louis Philippe sat Louis Blanc, who had followed into exile the illustrious companions whose exile he had been himself instrumental in compelling. It is possible that Metternich was at the same time contemplating the spectacle of British sovereignty arrayed in its constitutional emblems within the walls of the Parliament House. And for that matter Louis Philippe might have been also a spectator. The diplomatic representative of Republican France was there.

The next twelve months may produce changes in Europe quite as extraordinary as those which the last year has witnessed. Nay, the year that dates from the revolution of February, in France, is not yet completed. It may have some startling mutations still in store.

The United Cities of Central America.

When the Europeans first landed, the American was probably a race not on the ascending, but descending, series, gradually becoming extinct. They had probably passed through countless periods of existence, and were merely living on the crumbs of a past generation—the race who built and inhabited Copan. How mysterious are these ruined cities of Central America! Hieroglyphics, pyramids, mummies, columns like those of Luxor, but on a smaller scale! Egypt rediscovered as reproduced in Central America. Ye theorists, what say ye now? Were there remains of former grandeur the work of the forefathers of the present race of American Aborigines? or, as these have altered somewhat since the days of the Incas and the Montezumas, were they constructed by the former Mexicans and Peruvians? I should think not exactly. They must have been instructed by, or copied from others. Perhaps the continents were at one time joined where the Atlantic surge now rolls, and architects from Egypt and Northern Africa, from the land of the Guanches, in fact, assisted the American aborigines in raising structures whose meaning they did not possibly comprehend.—*Dr. Knox's Races of Men (Medical Times).*

Honey, the Reformer.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Daily News says: "Ronge is preaching his new doctrines here with unabated zeal, and with no slight success, his auditors in the Odeon being, every time he lectures, eight or nine thousand strong. He denounced the doctrine of the 'Trinity' Confession, the Pope, the Calendar of Saints, Convents and Monasteries, celibacy of the clergy, and praying in foreign tongues."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONARIES FOR INDIA AND CHINA.—The foreign missionary societies in the United States contemplate sending forth a large additional force during the coming month, amounting in all to about twenty-five. The ship *Bowditch*, which will sail on the 9th of October, for Madras, will take out the following persons, under the A. B. C. F. M.—C. M. Mills and wife, J. T. Nye and wife, and Mr. Burdett, (private) wife and child, for Ceylon; J. W. Dulles and wife, and Mrs. Myron Winslow, for Madras; and Dr. Shelton and wife, for Madras. The Southern Baptist Board expect to send two missionaries and their wives to China, in the ship *Valparaiso*, which will sail October 11th. The Rev. Messrs. Whilden and Goodale will go out about the same time, as well as four or six others, from the Northern Baptist Board.

FREEDOM IN THE EAST.—In the British House of Commons, lately, Lord Palmerston stated that the Bey of Tunis had abandoned with his dominions, not only the slave trade, but also slavery itself. From the Sultan of Turkey, the British government had also obtained a firman prohibiting the slave trade amongst his subjects in the eastern seas, viz: the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Gulf, the Persian Gulf, and the Red Sea; and that the Sultan of Persia had also issued a firman prohibiting it throughout his dominions.

HOME MISSIONS.—Rev. Dr. Nast, in his remarks before the East Georgia Conference, last week, stated that he had commenced his labors among the Germans in Cincinnati, a 1836, during which year only three were converted. Now there are seven thousand Germans connected with the Methodist Church. The Christian Apologist, the German Methodist paper at Cincinnati, circulating four thousand copies, or more than half as many papers as there are members of the German Methodist Churches in that city.

The California Star declares there is not a slave in that territory, and no power of the United States Government can establish slavery. The people will not permit it, and every slave taken there, we are given to understand, will be liberated as promptly as it would be in Canada.

JEWISH PROGRESS.—At a recent meeting of the Jews at Darmstadt, Prussia, a variety of reforms were proposed by the "Liberals." The proposal was met by the most moderate opposition on the part of the orthodox party, and the reformers, who lost the day, are, it is said, taking measures to organize a synagogue after their own heart.

Right Rev. Dr. Meis, Bishop of Vancouver, in Oregon, arrived at Bangor, Iowa, on the 22d ult. He left Walla Walla on the 20th of March last, and crossed the Rocky Mountains alone and on foot.

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Poet.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

"This common field, this little brook—
What is hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look?
Oftener than the heaven's own blue?
No beauty lies upon the field;
No music dells the river's yield;
And yet I look, and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain.

"The thirty—can it be thirty years,
Since last I stood upon this plain,
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
And watch'd the pebbles as they sank?
How white the stream! I still remember
Its margin glossed by hoar December,
And how the sun fell on the snow,
Ah! can it be so long ago?

It cometh back;—no blithe, no bright,
No hurries to my eager ken,
As though but an hour's winter's night
Had darkened o'er the world since then.
It is the same clear dwelling scene;
Perhaps the grass is scarcer on the green;
Perhaps the river's troubled waters
Do not so plainly say "Rejoice."

Yet nature's smiles never range,
N'er quiver her gay and flowery crown;
But, ever joyful, merrily change
The primrose for the thistle down.
"The we alone, who waiting old,
Look on her with an aspect cold,
Dissemble her in our burning tears,
Or clothe her with the mists of years.

Then, why should not the grass be green?
And why should not the river's song
Be merry—as they both have been,
When I was here an urchin strong?
Ah, true—too true! I see the sun
Through thirty wintry years hall run,
For grave eyes, mirror'd in the brook,
Unspoke the urchin's laughing look!

So be it! I have lost, and won?
For once, the past was poor to me—
The future dim; and though the sun
Shed life and strength, and I was free,
I felt not—knew no grateful pleasure;
All seemed but as the common measure;
But now—the experienced spirit old
Turns all the laden past to gold!"

Human Hydrophobia.

One could almost suppose that hydrophobia, in a certain modified form, was an endemic in human society as well as amongst dogs. The lower portions of the community, in particular, seem to consider themselves as having a prescriptive right to suffer from it. The diagnosis of the malady in the human patient does not point to a contagious agent, as in the canine, but it is attended by circumstances quite as sinister. Dirty faces, dirty clothes, dirty houses, dirt all over, are the symptoms which most forcibly arrest attention; and yet bad as these are, we know that there are worse effects underneath the surface, for where physical dirt goes, there also resides moral degradation.

We know of no country in Europe where there is so little disposition on the part of the people, as in ours, to give themselves even that exhilarating kind of ablation which is derived from bathing. At the present season, the traveler on the continent finds the rivers alive with swimmers, and we remember, when sailing down the Loire to Nantes, observing the steamer frequently surrounded, more especially when nearing the great manufacturing city, with crowds of black heads, and white shoulders. In Russia, where the people have not got beyond the middle ages, the lower classes do not yet know the use of a shirt, but wear it above their trousers in the form of a kilt. They have not, however, abandoned the bath. Towards the end of the week, they feel a prickly and uncomfortable sensation in their skin, and at length rush eagerly into the hot sea, and boiling out the impurities of the preceding six days, begin life again with new vigor. In summer, they do not wait for days and times, but merely get up an hour earlier, and dash into the nearest pond or river. In our refined country, dirt causes no uneasiness. It is allowed to harden upon the skin, choke up the pores, and contaminate the whole being, moral and physical. It blunts the senses to such a degree, that the husband does not detect in the wife, nor the mother in the child. All are alike. All have forfeited the dignity of human nature, and sunk into a lower scale of animal existence.

While mentioning the custom that prevails in Russia, we are struck with the proof afforded there of the connection between moral and physical cleanliness. The state of the bath-house of the hamlet is an unfailing index to the character and position of the inhabitants. If it is neat and trim, the people are good and happy, and their feudal lord kind and considerate; if poor and ruinous, there is tyranny on the one hand, misery on the other, and depravity on both. In respect of its contagiousness, or inclination to spread, the human malady seems not a bit behind the canine, although certainly the immediate symptoms are less virulent. It has been implied that the stain of dirt extends from the skin of the individual over his life and conversation. But it does more than that: it contaminates his family; it dubs his neighbors; it forms a nucleus round which impurity gathers, and strengthens, and spreads. Insignificant at first in itself, it becomes a social evil of importance. It is one of the units which gives its character to the aggregate; and, arising out of a thing which at first was only scorned from good taste, slurred from individual repugnance, or laughed at out of sheer folly, we see spreading over the land, vice, misery, pestilence, and death. Yet we observe the symptoms of this formidable disease with a glassy and indifferent eye, while those of canine hydrophobia inspire us with horror and alarm, and drive us to dog-murder in self-defense!

The dread of water is seen in the human subject in another form, in which it is attended by a different class of effects—different, but not very remotely allied to the preceding. Almost everywhere the use of water as a beverage appears to be felt as a sort of original doom, designed as a penalty for the sins of mankind; and everywhere are efforts made to disguise it in some way, so that the patient may be made to believe he is swallowing something else. Much ingenuity has been expended upon this curious process; but, in certain conditions of society, it seems to be of little consequence what taste is superadded, or by what means the superaddition is made. The grand thing is transmutation. Amongst the poorer classes in China, a decoction of cabbage leaves is felt as a relief; amongst the upper, the tincture of the more elegant tea-leaf is employed. In the western world the refuse of fruit and grain, subjected to fermentation and distilling, is brought into requisition. The Norman converts his good cider into execrable brandy; the other French maltreat their wine in a similar way; in Russia, the sickening quass becomes the maddening vodka; in Scotland, honest two-penny is sublimated into whisky; and so on, throughout the whole habitable world. That sort of hydrophobia is merely a modification of the other, established by the fact, that they who most abhor water as a cleanser, abhor it most as a drink. A cleanly person will frequently

condescend to take a draught of pure element with his meals; but you never saw a man with a dirty face who would not greatly prefer some poisonous and ill-tasted compound. At the tables of the upper classes you find the water karaff most in demand; at those of the lower classes the beer-jug. The quality of the beer is of no consequence. We never knew it so freely drunk in our own neighborhood as at a time (some twenty years ago) when the sole effect of the worthy brewer's manufacture was declared to be to *spoil the water*. Even amongst the abstainers from these deleterious liquors, there are many who must still have their water disguised; hence their extensive patronage of lemonade, ginger-beer, and other weak though comparatively innocuous mixtures. The whole affair reminds us of a literary work published in London nearly twenty years ago, by a Bond Street hairdresser, which gave a sort of catalogue *resumé* of the various materials used for lathering the beard—all except one; for the magnanimous barber scorned to mention—soap.

The connection between the worst symptoms of the two kinds of hydrophobia we have described needs little illustration. The dither an individual is in his person, family, house, neighborhood, the more pestilential the expedients he falls upon for disguising the taste of the abhorred water. In other words, the progress of the disease is naturally exhibited in the intensity of its symptoms. A man of sublime cleanliness may be found drinking pure water, with a little taint of human weakness one may indulge, likewise, but only occasionally, and in moderation, in beer, ale, wine, or even stronger brewings; while your true hydrophobic—a dingy, vulgar desperado, whom the very children on the street know and detect even when he happens to be sober—studies himself habitually with the worst form of alcohol. Does it not appear that there is an unjust distinction made in our treatment of human and canine patients?

We do not propose that the former should be hooted and hunted like the latter out of society, or that they should be mauled with sticks and stones, or shot, poisoned, hanged, or drowned. They might not like it. It might cause some discontent. It would perhaps be better to let it alone, and try to manage some other way. But what other way? How would a pump answer at the end of every street, to be worked by the police? A passer-by, caught in the fact of hydrophobia, whether the dirty or drunken form of the disease, might be pounced upon, and put under the spout, when the remedy administered might be proportioned to the intensity of the malady. To say that this would be an infringement of the liberty of the subject is nonsense; for if society has not the right to repress a contagious disease by any means in its power, we might as well lay aside the habits of civilization at once, and betake ourselves again to woods and caves. Peter the Great was the ablest doctor in the world, and it would not be amiss if we were to take a lesson from his school. The grand obstacle in the way of his project for civilizing Russia was the beard of the nobles. To expect to teach European refinement to a man with a great, matted, bushy beard, was out of the question; and he tried by every Delilah-like stratagem he could think of to shear off the strength of barbarism. All would not do; and Peter had then recourse to a *coup d'état*. He sent against the malcontents an army of barbers, who rushed in upon them in their native woods, shaved their beards by main force.

"And dragged the struggling savages into day." That some such plan as this may in time be tried, seems probable from the fact, that the sister-malady, ignorance, is already treated by compulsory remedies. When a dirty little ragged boy is seen on the streets in some of our more civilized towns, he is picked up by the authorities and sent to school. He should in like manner be sent to the pump; and this, you may depend upon it, would be a great assistance in his education. When officers are locked up in jail, the first process they have to submit to is that of being well washed and scrubbed. This is all very proper; but surely it is an absurdity to show greater solicitude for the health of jails than for the health of dwelling-houses. If the men had been washed in time, we question much whether they would have become felons at all.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Shakespeare's Betrothal Ring.
A few weeks since Mr. Crofton Croker purchased for a few shillings, of a silver-smith at Gloucester, a massive gilt ring of the time of Queen Elizabeth, containing the letters "W. A." in an undecorated knot. The silver-smith stated in answer to an inquiry made by Mr. Croker, that he purchased it from a poor woman from Stratford-upon-Avon, in whose garden it had been found about five years ago; but it is only within the last few days that an opinion of its probable connection with the great dramatist has been entertained. On comparing the scroll with that on the poet's seal ring described in *Hallivell's Life of Shakespeare*, and with a similar scroll on a piece of painted glass from New Place, competent judges have come to the conclusion that the ring thus singularly recovered by Mr. Croker was in all probability the betrothal ring of William and Anne Shakespeare. The heraldry of love-knots, which has tended to decide this question, exhibits in a curious manner, how often branches of archaeological inquiry, in themselves insignificant, become of real use and importance in application. It should be observed that neither of the previous owners of the ring entertained the slightest idea of its value, and that it is beyond a doubt a genuine relic of the period.—*Times*.

Character of Chateaubriand.

He was the knight-errant of modern Europe, who won and wore his trophies and favors on his own person. A fervid imagination—an animated style which seemed impassioned in comparison with the frigid models of the French empire—a spirit which was more chivalrous and bold than discreet and resolute, and a sympathy for the improvement of the age, united to a past, gave to M. de Chateaubriand a potent influence over the minds of men at one of the most remarkable moments in history. When the storm of the first French revolution had, for that time, blown over, the young Breton emigrant who had retired from the army of Condé after the siege of Thionville to the wilds of Kentucky, and subsequently to a garret in London, returned to his native land; and after ten years of the brutality and blasphemy of Jacobin clubs and revolutionary journals, France was enchanted to strike a fresh vein of poetry in the pages of *Atala*, and to resume her old faith in the pleasing attire of the "Genius of Christianity."—*Times*.

It is impossible to convince a proud man that his pride is not his noblest quality.

Godbrand of the Mountain.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

THERE ONCE lived a man whose name was Godbrand; and as he possessed a farm in a remote spot on the declivity of a mountain, people called him Godbrand of the Mountain.

He lived so happily with his wife, and they agreed so well, that she thought every thing her husband did was for the best, and that it could not have been improved upon. Let him manage anyhow, she always found means to be delighted at what he had done. This worthy couple were the owners of a piece of arable land, and had a hundred dollars in their strong box, besides a couple of cows in the stable. One day the wife said to Godbrand:—"I think that we ought to take one of the cows to town and sell it, in order that we may have a little pocket-money at our disposal: for we are such industrious people that we ought to have a few shillings in our purse as other folks have, particularly as we don't wish to touch the hundred dollars in the chest. And really I don't know what we should want with more than one cow, and I shall be the gainer by having only one to attend to, instead of being bothered with two."

Godbrand thought this was all very reasonable and very proper: so he immediately took the cow, and went to town to sell it. But it happened that there was nobody in the town that was willing to purchase the cow.

"Never mind," thought Godbrand; "I'll go home again with my cow; I have both stable and yoke ready for her, and the way is no longer going back than coming."

And with this cheering reflection he plodded homewards in the most contented mood.

He had not gone far before he met a man with a horse that he wanted to sell. Now Godbrand thought it was better to have a horse than a cow, so he made an exchange with the stranger.

When he had gone a little further he met another man who was driving a fat pig before him, and then Godbrand thought it would be still better to have a fat pig than a horse, and so he exchanged with the man. He then went on, and after a while he met a man with a goat. "It is certainly better anyhow to have a goat than a pig," thought Godbrand, and again he made an exchange with the owner of the goat. He now went a good deal further, till he met a man with a sheep, and with him he likewise made an exchange, on the principle "that it is always better to have a sheep than a goat." On going further he met a man with a goose, and then Godbrand exchanged his sheep against the goose. After this he went a long, long way, till he met a man with a rook, and he once more made an exchange: for he thought, "after all, it is still better to have a cock, than a goose." He then walked on and on, till he began to grow late, when feeling very hungry he sold the cock for threepence, with which he bought something to eat. "For after all," thus reasoned Godbrand of the Mountain, "it is better to bring one's self back safe and sound, than to bring home a cock." He then sped on his way home, till he reached the farm of his nearest neighbor, where in he went, just as Hans the ploughboy was driving home the cattle.

"Well! how did you fare in town?" inquired the good folks.

"Why, but so," answered Godbrand. "I can't say much for my luck, neither have I much reason to complain." And hereupon he related all that had happened from beginning to end.

"Well, I'm sure! you'll get a warm reception from your wife, when you reach home," quoth the farmer. "Lord help you! I shouldn't like to be in your shoes."

"Things might have gone worse, however," replied Godbrand of the Mountain; "but whether good, bad, or indifferent, I have such an excellent wife that she never reproaches me, let me do what I will."

"That may be," said the man; "yet somehow I can't believe it."

"Shall we lay a wager?" asked Godbrand. "I have a hundred dollars in my chest, will you lay as much against me?"

"Done!" said the neighbor, and as twilight was now coming on, they both set out for Godbrand's farm. When they had reached it, the neighbor remained outside the door, while Godbrand went in to his wife, and they began to talk in the following manner:—

"Good evening," said Godbrand of the Mountain, as he walked into the room.

"Good evening," replied the wife; "praised be God! you are come back again, are you?"

Sure enough he was back. Then the wife inquired how he had got on in town. "But so," answered Godbrand: "I can't much boast of my luck. On reaching town, nobody would purchase my cow, so I changed it for a horse."

"Ay—there, indeed, you do deserve my thanks," said she. "We are so well off that we may as well drive to church as to see people, and if we have the means of getting ourselves a horse, why should not we? Pray, Goodman, go and bring him in."

"Stop," replied Godbrand, "I have not got the horse exactly; for after going on a bit I changed it for a pig."

"No! did you?" cried the wife; "why that's the very thing I should have done myself! Thank you a thousand times, my dear husband. Now I shall have some bacon in the house to offer the folks that come to tea. What, indeed, do we want with a horse? People would only say that we had grown too grand to walk to church as we used to do. Prithce, Goodman, go and fetch in the pig."

"But I haven't got the pig any more than the horse," said Godbrand; "for on going somewhat further I changed it for a milch-goat."

"Why, what capital notions you always have!" exclaimed the wife; "for when I come to think of it, what do we want with a pig? People would only say, 'they are eating up their substance.' But now that I have a goat, I can have milk and cheese, and without parting with the goat either. So, Goodman, let's see Nanny-goat."

"But I haven't got any goat, either," answered Godbrand; "for, on going a little further, I changed the goat for an excellent sheep."

"Nurs, did you?" cried the wife: "well to be sure, you have every thing that I could have wished, just as if I had been at your elbow all the time! What, indeed, should we want a goat for? I should always have been running after it, and climbing up hill and down dale. But with a sheep, I shall not only have wool to make clothes with, but something to eat in the bargain. So prithce, Goodman, go and fetch the sheep in."

"But I no longer have the sheep," said Godbrand; "for, when I had gone a little further, I exchanged it for a goose."

"Oh, thank you a thousand times over for that!" cried the wife; "for what could I have done with the sheep? I have neither

distaff nor spindle, nor do I want them either, and care still less for the plague of weaving clothes, which we can just as well go out buying as we have done hitherto. And now I shall have an opportunity of tasting a bit of goose, which I hanker'd after so long, and of stuffing my pillow with down. So now, Goodman, go and fetch in the goose."

"Ay, but I have no goose to fetch," replied Godbrand, "for after going a little further, I changed it for a cock."

"Only think now of your hitting on the very thing I should have chosen!" exclaimed the wife. "Why a cock is for all the world as good as if I had bought an alarm watch; for the cock crows every morning at four o'clock, and so we shall be sure to be stirring by times. After all we did not want a goose, for I don't know how to dress goose's flesh; and as to my pillow, I can stuff it with sea-weeds just as well. So go your ways, Goodman, and fetch the cock."

"But I have no cock either," said Godbrand, "for, after going somewhat further, I felt so tremendously hungry that I was fain to sell the cock for three pence, in order to be able to come home alive."

"And right well did you do!" cried the wife. "You set about what you will, you are sure to do every thing to my liking. What does it signify whether we have a cock or not? Surely we are our own masters, and can lie in bed of a morning as long as we please. And now, thank God that I have got you back again—you are so clever at every thing—I want neither cock, goose, pig, nor cow."

Godbrand now opened the door. "Hlave I won the hundred dollars?" cried he. And the neighbor was forced to own that he fairly had.

Domestic Happiness.

Alt! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which turns his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—"Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." Oh, the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business?—what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers?—what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. You, comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes—he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely dwelling, who can be indifferent to this comfort? Peace be to this house!—*Rev. W. Jay*.

Lamp-Frog.

I must relate the circumstances of my first introduction to the learned professor Cramer, since they were truly original. He had a country-house in the suburbs, and when I called to pay my respects, I was told I should find him in his garden. I heard the sound of laughter and merry voices as I approached, and saw an elderly gentleman seated forward in the middle of a walk, while several boys were playing leap-frog over him; a lady who stood by him said, as soon as she perceived me, "Cramer, Steffen's here."

"Well," he said, without moving, "leap then." I was delighted with the new mode of introduction to a man of science, took my leap clean over him, and then turned round to make my bow and compliments. He was delighted, and as my good leap also won the hearts of the young people, I was at once admitted as an acquaintance in the happy circle. Notwithstanding this quaint reception, Cramer was a man of great reflection, with all the quiet manner of a true philosopher.—*Steffen's Adventures*.

The Phoenix.

In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organs, flaps his wings with a velocity that sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.—*Richardson*.

Things Lost Forever.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry; the wreck of health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship soothed into forgiveness; even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his sighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from the record of eternity the fearful blot of wasted time?

The Seasons.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
Fog's a falling down!
And with the sunset tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.

Houghs are daily rid'd
By the busy plow;
And the Book of Nature
Getteth sort of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows as they fit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies of fleckle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and day together,
Taking half-and-half.

So September ends—
Cold and most perverse—
But the months that follow,
Sure will pinch us worse!

"I never complained of my condition," said the Persian poet, Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but then I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot."

The universal reverence entertained for men of genius causes their residences and every little thing belonging to them to be regarded with an unusual degree of interest. Hence it is that relics of them—their autographs, pens, snuff-boxes, and other articles are so eagerly sought after, and so highly prized. The neighborhood in which they dwell is wandered through with greater delight than others more beautiful or striking, but not so renowned. "There is a charm," as Washington Irving observes "about the spot which has been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty, and consecrated by the inspirations of the poet, which is heightened rather than impaired by the lapse of ages. It is indeed the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves, to breathe around nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of the morning."

In the park at Penshurst Castle, Kent, stands a famous oak, said to have been planted at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney.

In the grounds of Abbington Abbey, Northamptonshire, stands Garrick's mulberry tree, with this inscription upon copper attached to one of its limbs: "This tree was planted by David Garrick, Esq., at the request of Ann Thursty, as a growing testimonial of their friendship, 1778."

Henry Kirke White's favorite tree whereon he had cut "H. K. W., 1806," stood on the sands at Whitton, in Northumberland, until it was cut down by the woodman's axe; but in veneration for the poet's memory, the portion bearing his initials was carefully preserved in an elegant gilt frame.

An English traveler desirous of possessing a memorial of Madame de Sevigne, purchased for the sum of 18,000 francs, the staircase of her chateau at Provence.

Sir Isaac Newton's solar dial, which was cut in stone, and attached to the manor-house at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, is now placed in the Royal Society's collection.

Some years ago a curious arm-chair, which had belonged to Gay, the poet, was sold at public auction at Barnstable, his native place. It contained a drawer under the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller drawer; connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out.

Benjamin Franklin's "fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty," is bequeathed in a codicil to his will, "to the friend of mankind, General Washington;" adding that "if it were a sceptre, he had merited it, and would become it."

It is now the property of the United States and is preserved in the great hall of the Patent-Office, at Washington.

Thorpe's Catalogue of Autographs [1813] includes a letter from a Miss Smith, of Arundel, forwarding to the Earl of Buchan, "a chip taken from the coffin of the poor Burns, when his body was removed from his first grave to the mausoleum, erected to his memory in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries."

The tower of Montbard, in Burgundy, was Buffon's study, and together with the garden in which the great naturalist used to recreate himself is religiously kept up by the inhabitants.

Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down; but the poet's parlor still exists as a portion of the present mansion erected on the spot. A patch of the great forest near Binfield has been honorably preserved, under the name of Pope's Wood. His house in Twickenham is gone, the garden is bare, but the celebrated grotto remains, striped, however, of all that gave it picturesqueness, grace, and beauty.

Cowper's house at Olney, is still standing in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet; his parlor is occupied as a girl's school.

The summer-house in the garden, where he used to sit conning his verses, also remains, its walls covered with visitors' names. His residence in the neighboring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful with a profusion of roses in front.

Goldsmith's cottage at Kilburn; wherein he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Deserted Village," was pulled down a few years since to make way for new buildings.

The Mills.

Of all the noble works of God, that of the human mind has ever been considered the grandest. It is, however, like all else created capable of cultivation; and just in that degree as the mind is improved and rendered pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends a whole existence without a realization of the great ends for which he was designed; without feeling a soaring of the soul above mere mercenary motives and desires; not knowing that he is a portion, as it were, of one vast machine, in which each piece has a part to perform, whose life he beats in common with those of his fellow-men, no feelings in which self is not the beginning and the end, may well be said to live. His mind is shut in by a moral darkness, and he merely exists, a blank in the world, and goes to the tomb with scarcely a regret. Such beings we have seen and wondered at—wondered that a mortal, endowed with so many noble qualities, and capable of the highest attainment of intellectuality, should slumber on through a world like ours, in which is every thing beautiful and sublime, to call forth his energies and excite his admiration—a world which affords subjects for exercising every lively attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scene of the richest variety to the eye, the mind, and the heart, and of never grow weary. If, then, you wish to live, in the true sense of the term, cultivate the mind, give vent to pure affections and noble feelings, and pen not every thought and desire in self. Live more for the good of your fellow-men, and in seeking their happiness you will promote your own.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Antelope.

"Were I in a desert," says Sterne, "I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress, and repose beneath its shades; I would carve my name upon them, and declare they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they renewed their verdure, I would instinctively rejoice. The heart and the affections require to be called forth; and if we are so unfortunate as to be destitute of friends, we must endeavor to place them upon something that is sensible to our attachment; for to a mind endowed with feelings and sensibility, nothing can be so dreadful as a state of indifference."

A Thought for Parents.

It is poor encouragement to toil through life to amass a fortune to ruin your children. In nine cases out of ten, a large fortune is the greatest curse which could be bequeathed to the young and inexperienced.

No contrast could be more vivid than that presented by the relations of each to the literature they both loved; one divining its inmost essences, plucking out the heart of its mysteries, shedding light on its dimmest recesses; the other devoted with equal assiduity to externals. Books, to Dyer, were a real world, both pure and good; among them he passed, unconscious of time, from youth to extreme age, vegetating on their dates and forms, and "trivial" records, "in the learned air of great libraries, or the dusty confusion of his own, with the least possible apprehension of any human interest vital in their pages, or of any spirit of wit or fancy glancing across them. His life was an Academic Pastoral. Methinks I see his gaunt, awkward form, set off by trowsers too short, like those outgrown by a gawky lad, and a rusty coat as much too large for the wearer, hanging about him like those garments which the aristocratic Miletian peasantry prefer to the most comfortable rustic dress; his long head silvered over with short wet straggling hair, and dark eyes glistening with faith and wonder, as Lamb satisfies the curiosity which has gently disturbed his studies as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels, by telling him, in the strictest confidence, that they are the works of Lord Castlereagh, just returned from the Congress of Sovereigns, of Vienna! Off he runs with animated stride and shambuling enthusiasm, nor stops till he reaches Maida Hall, and breathes his news into the ear of Leigh Hunt, who, "as a public writer," ought to be possessed of the great fact with which George is laden! Or shall I endeavor to revive the bewildered look with which, just after he had been announced one of Lord Stanhope's executors and residuary legatees, he received Lamb's grave inquiry, "Whether it was true, as commonly reported, that he was to be made a lord?" "O dear, no!" Lamb, responded he with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity, "I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you."

"I thought not," said Lamb, "and I contradict it wherever I go; but the Government will not ask your consent; they may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it." "I hope not," Mr. Lamb; indeed, I hope not; it would not suit me at all," responded Dyer, and went his way, musing on the possibility of a strange honor descending on his reluctant brow.

Or shall I recall the visible presentiment of his bland unconsciousness of evil when his sporting friend taxed it to the utmost, by suddenly asking what he thought of the murderer Williams, who, after destroying two families in Ratcliffe Highway had broken prison by suicide, and whose body had just before been conveyed in shocking procession to its cross-road grave! The desperate attempt to compel the gentle impostor to speak ill of a mortal creature produced no happier success than the answer, "why, I should think, Mr. Lamb, he must have been rather an eccentric character."

This simplicity of a nature not only unspotted by the world, but almost abstracted from it, will seem the more remarkable, when it is known that it was subjected, at the entrance of life, to a hard battle with fortune. Dyer was the son of very poor parents, residing in the eastern suburb of London, Stepney or Bethnal-greenward, where he attracted the attention of two elderly ladies as a serious child, with an extraordinary love for books. They obtained for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital, which he entered at seven years of age; fought his way through its sturdy ranks of its head; and, at nineteen, quitted it for Cambridge, with only an exhibition and his scholarly accomplishments to help him. On he went, however, placid if not rejoicing, through the difficulties of a life illustrated only by scholarship; encountering tremendous labors, unrelenting, yet serene; until at eighty-five he breathed out the most blameless of lives, which began in a struggle to end in a learned dream!—*Memorials of Lamb, and Sketches of his Companions*, by T. N. Talfourd.

The Fact.

The ready wit of a true-born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his head of bricks, caught the parasol in the midst of its Elliser gyrations, and presented it to the loser, with a low bow, which reminded us of poor Power.

"Faith, madam," said he, as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly.

"Troth, madam," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Think.

Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind.—There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts—giving their utterance only—you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps—homely and shapeless—but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will soon learn to write—the more you think the better will you express your ideas.

A Gem.